

## Fairy List

by EmpressOfLostDarkness

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## Fairy List

**\*\*Hey guys! So I'm rewriting Fairy List if you couldn't tell. It's going to be slightly different from the original. Thanks for reading! I hope to update soon! Please leave a review if you would.\*\***

**\*\*EmpressOfLostDarkness\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>Life is not a cliché, never has been, never will be. It may seem like it at times, but then a curveball comes out of nowhere, and suddenly you're spiraling towards the ground, back to reality.<p>

This isn't the movies, it's reality sweetheart.

People glamorize the idea of running away, making it seem like you'll make it no matter what, like you won't have to struggle, like you won't have to suffer. Yes there are plenty of hotels, gas stations, and lovely complexes that you stay with when you're with your family and daddy's credit card but honey, once you're on your own, shit gets real.

Say goodbye to the luxuries of five-star hotels and gourmet meals, and hello to whatever the hell you can find.

If you're smart, the months leading up to your actual escape you save whatever dough you can get your hands on that ensures that when you do take flight, you aren't immediately on the streets begging for money and a place to sleep. And if you're lucky, your father doesn't notice you've been stealing cash from him all the time.

People seem to be under the impression that you'll be taken in by some random nice family who cares for you and life takes a turn for the better. That everything will turn out to be like some Disney fantasy, and life will magically work out with happy ending and rainbows.

I'm sorry but, wake up and smell the shit known as reality. Life isn't happy endings and rainbows.

You're living on the streets, stowing away in a stolen car or some abandoned building praying that no one is going to find you, rape and/or kill you. Reality sets in, the glamor is gone.

You give up on people, the goodness you used to know, the hope, or maybe never knew at all. Your skin takes on a dark sheen; a harsher glare permanently reflects from your eyes. Say goodbye to your last personality and hello to a hard shell that almost no one can break through, no matter how hard they try and how much you want to let them in.

You've been through too much to let someone get close just to potentially hurt you again.

You flinch at the slightest sound that reminds you of that one night when you thought you were safe, only to find that the abandoned house wasn't vacant. And it wasn't the owners who found you.

You still can feel their breath, hear your screams echoing off walls that fell on deaf ears. The scar across your left hip aches whenever you think about it. Your future relationships are screwed because one mistake, one stupid mistake.

You're lucky to be alive, really.

This is my story, the story of a life of a girl who decided to run away from the life she didn't want, the one her father forced upon her. The life of a girl who went from having no friends to suddenly being surrounded by a new family, one she would do anything for.

This story isn't easy to tell, it's full of death, confusion and pain. It's full of loss and love and lessons. It's full of dark twists and turns, things I never saw coming, things I would do all over again if it meant the same outcome.

So enjoy as I tell you the hell that became my life and how it turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to me.

\* \* \*

><p>It was quiet, but it was loud. If you listened carefully you could make out the sounds of the streets. Whimpers, grunts, and panting carried in the wind. Somewhere far, a child was screaming for his mother while she laid still. The shrill cry of "Mommy! Wake up!" still rang in my ears as I made my way further into the alley.<p>

I gripped the straps of my backpack tighter, my head down, wishing that I could just find a place to rest. My footsteps seemed to scream in the deafening silence. The air was stale, reeking of blood, beer

and sweat. The wind was bipolar, seeming to switch from gentle breezes to a gust that would send me reeling with no in-between.

So when a sharp wind blew through the alley, seeming to tear through my worn clothing, I barely flinched despite the cold that seemed to never leave. My hoodie and paper thing shirt offered me little warmth in the cool autumn weather. My hood was up, keeping my blood-matted blonde hair out of sight. My jeans had a mixture of blood stains and holes, I'd lost track of where they happened, after the one night in Crocus.

The scar on my left hip ached whenever I thought about it; the whispers, the laughing, the screaming.

\_"Little bitch needs to know her place.."\_

\_"This way you'll never forget me.."\_

\_"..not so tough now are you?"\_

I wrapped my arms around myself, trying not to shake. The cold black eyes and cruel laughter still haunt my nightmares every night.

God, I'd been so stupid. I knew something was off but I was too damn tired to just take one more look.

I learned quickly not to make that mistake ever again.

My boot clad feet trudged through the alley, kicking random rocks and beer cans, the sounds of them hitting against random objects echoed back at me. My once-bright brown eyes scanned up and down and side to side, scanning for a place to stay.

The alley was dark, the only source of light originating from the single street light which rested upon a curb at the far end of the alley. It was flickering on and off in an uneven and erratic pattern, giving its entire area of coverage a rather sinister atmosphere.

The pale yellow light made it harder to see the further I trudged down the alley. I found a small crevice between a dumpster and a wall, closed off enough so that I could see anyone coming at me.

The wall was cold against my back; the ground was sticky and cold despite me sitting on my backpack. I drew my knees to my chest and folded my arms on top of them. Burying my head in my arms, I slowly drifted off waiting to see just what fresh hell life would have in store for me tomorrow.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hope you guys enjoyed!<strong>

\*\*Leave a review if you could!\*\*

End  
file.